1st

The last new Prologue and Epilogue spoken by the Famous Commedian Mr. *William Pinkeman*, touching on the Humours of the Age.

no. 37

PROLOGUE.

6. Nov. 1701.

THE Prologue over, few Regard the Play,
Each Bargains with a Trull, and moves away.
But I, in whom deep Politicks appear,
First drew the Curtain to secure you here:
Lord, how those look now, that Sneaking there,
Since Morning how I've Rambled ev'ry way
To beg an interest for my Self to day;
But what excuse was made by ev'ry one
Rather than give poor *Pinke* half a Crown.
The City Wives pretended they wou'd ha' come,
But that their Loving Husbands were at Home.
The Lawyers cry'd they had long Rolls to Write,
And the Merchants Swore Damne, it's Post-night.
The *French* Men I nere ask'd, Pour shifting Scouts,
Scarce to be trusted with a pair of Boots.
The Ladies - Pretty Rogues, would have been here,
But all their money's gone in *India* Ware
I thought the Ladies had more Niceness shown,
Than to Esteem Damn'd Stuff so common grown,
Now every Ale-Wife has a Damask Gown;
In Calicoes and Chints we see each Mawkin
And Whores are Distinguish'd by a *Hawkin*,
After these *India* Toy's the Sex were mad,
And many a poor Damsel I'm afraid
Purchas'd an Atlas, with a Maidenhead.
The Beaus were Careless, if they came or no,
Perhaps into the Box an Act or so;
But says one great Wit, if I come, I do;
Some broken Captains promis'd all the Play,
If I would let 'em in for half the Pay;
I answer'd 'em, for you know I'm a Wit,
Tho' they were, we were not disbanded yet.
By all Occurences I plainly see
The Galleries are the truest Friends to me,
They thither trudge for a front seat by three,
My thanks to all that form this Graceful Scene
Your Favours every way I'de try to Win.
Now Mr. *Prompter* let the Play begin

EPILOGUE

This long Vacation, how we've thrash'd in vain,
But now there's hopes of eating once again.
For by my Meagre looks it's plainly seen,
Since you went, how near Starving we have been.
Our Musick finding little to be done.
Left us to strole with Abel *up and down.*
Friend Pinkeman *to* Smithfield *run away,*
And our Top Actors were too proud to play.
But like Ours, every business seems decay'd,
Nay even the Brandy-Shop, Laments a Trade.
Now our Old Friend, John Haynes *is dead.*
This season, what diversion most would take,
But for supplies, what shifts they're forced to make.
Th' Apprentice Prigg *his Masters Money steals,*
To carry Semptresses to Hampstead-Wells:
The Wife her Nightly pocket theft Repeats.
And the Masks Rob their Lodgings of the Sheets:
We only cozen you of Half a Crown,
Pretending Wit, and often give you none.
But that's the Poet's fault, and not our own.
Now Winter comes, our Harvest time o'year,
Let's see to us, how Generous you'l appear.
In Comedy you'l own us to excel
And Tragedy Right Cast is done as well.
New Humour, and true Characters we'l play,
Invent some Fool to please you every day,
Provided that you Witts will always pay:
So I Humbly take my Leave as a Man may say.

FINIS.

LONDON Printed, and are to be sold by *John Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall.*